BLIND FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with secreting and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where 'the boy' is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy."

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the Road.

The wrong boy!

For a moment I could not understand nor believe; and when the meaning of the words came to me I groped in mental darkness. But there was no time for speculation. Half in a daze I heard a roar of curses, orders, a crash of glass as the lamp was extinguished, and over all came the prolonged growl of a wolf-voice, hoarse and shaken with anger. There was a vision of a wolf-head rising above the outline of faces a few yards away, dark, distorted, fierce, with eyes that blazed threats, and in an instant I found myself in the center of a struggling, shouting, swearing mass of savage [illegible] with [illegible] but the impulse of blind rage. I doubt not that I was as crazy as the rest. But in my madness there was one idea strong in my mind. It was to reach the evil face and snake-eyes of Tom Terrill, and stamp the life out of him. With desperate rage I shouldered and fought till his white face with its venomous hatred was next to mine, till the fingers of my left hand gripped his throat, and my right hand tried to beat out his brains with a six-shooter.

"Damn you!" he gasped, striking fiercely at me. "I've been waiting for you!"

I thightened my grip and spoke no word. He writhed and turned, striving to free himself. I had knocked his revolver from his hand, and he tried in vain to reach it. A trace of fear stole into the venomous anger of the one eye that was unobscured, as he strove without success to guard himself from my blows. But he gave a sudden thrust, and with a sinuous writhe he was free, while I was carried back by the rush of men with the vague impression that something was amiss with me. Then a great light flamed up before me in which the struggling mob, the close hall and room, and the universe itself melted away, and I was alone.

The next impression that came to me was that of a voice from an immeasurable distance.

"He's coming to," is said; and then beside it I heard a strange wailing cry.

"What is it?" I asked, trying to sit up. My voice seemed to come from miles away and to belong to some other man.

"That's it, you're all right," said the voice encouragingly, and about the half of Niagara fell on my face.

Then the mists before my eyes cleared away, and I found that I was on the floor of the inner bedroom and Wainwright had emptied a water jug over me. The light of a small kerosene lamp gave a gloomy illumination to the place. Lockhart and Fitzhugh leaned against the door, and Wilson bent with Wainwright over me. The boy was sitting on the bed, crying shrilly over the melancholy situation.

"What is it?" I asked, gathering my scattered wits. "What has happened?"

"We've been licked," said Wainwright regretfully. "The rest of the boys got took, but we got in here. Fitz and me seen the nasty knock you got, and dragged you back, and when we got you here the parlor was full of the hounds, and Porter and Abrams and Brown was missing. We found you was cut, and we've tried to fix you up."

I looked at my bandged arm, and put one more count in the indictment against Terrill. He had tried to stab me over the heart at the time he had wrenched free, but he had merely slashed my arm. It was not a severe wound, but it gave me pain.

"Only a scratch," said Wainwright.

I envied the philosophic calm with which he regarded it.

"It'll heal," I returned shortly. "Where is the other gang? Are they gone?"

"No; there's half a dozen of 'em out in the parlor, I reckon."

"You'd better tell him," said Fitzhugh, shifting an unpleasant task.

"Well," said Wainwright, "we heard orders given to shoot the first man that comes out before morning, but before all to kill you if you sticks your nose outside before sun-up."

The amiable intentions of the victors set me to thinking. If it was important to keep here till morning, it must be important to me to get out. There was no duty to keep here, for I need fear no attack on the boy who was with us. I looked at my watch, and found it was near 1 o'clock.

"Tie those blankets together," I ordered, as soon as I was able to get my feet.

The men obeyed me in silence, while Wainwright vainly tried to quiet the child. I was satisfied to have him cry, for the more noise he made the less our movements would be heard. I had a plan that I thought might be carried out.

While the others were at work, I cautiously raised the window and peered through the shutters. The rain was falling briskly, and the wind still blew a gale. I thought I distinguished the dark figure of a man on guard within a few feet of the building, and my heart sank.

I THIGHTENED MY GRIP AND SPOKE NO WORDD

"How many are in the parlor, Wilson?" I asked.

Wilson applied his eye to the keyhole.

"Can't see anybody but that one-eyed fellow, Broderick, but there might be more."

A flash of memory came to me, and I felt in my pocket for Mother Borton's mysterious scrawl. "Give that to a one-eyed man," she had said. It was a forlorn hope, but worth the trying.

"Hand this to Broderick," I said, "as soon as you can do it without anyone's seeing you."

Wilson did not like the task, but he took the envelope and silently brought the door ajar. His first investigations were evidently reassuring, for he soon had half his body outside.

"He's got it," he said on reappearing.

A little later there was a gentle tap at the door, and the head of the one-eyed man was thrust in.

"It's as much as my life's worth," he whispered. "What do you want me to do?"

"How many men are in the street below here?"

"There's one, but more are in call."

"Well, I want him got out of the way."

"That's easy," said Broderick, with a diabolical wink of his one eye. "I'll have him change places with me."

"Good! How many men are here?"

"You don't need to know that. There's enough to bury you."

"Have Meeker and Terrill gone?"

"Tom? He's in the next room here, and can count it a mercy of the saints if he gits out in a week. Meeker's gone with the old man. Well, I can't stay a-gabbin' any longer, or I'll be caught, and then the divil himself couldn't save me."

I shuddered at the thought of the "old man," and the shadow of Doddridge Knapp weighed on my spirits.

"Are you ready for an excursion, Fitzhugh?" I whispered.

He nooded assent.

"Well, we'll be out of here in a minute or two. Take that overcoat. I've got one. Now tie that blanket to the bedpost. No, it won't be long enough. You'll have to hold it for us, boys."

I heard the change of guards below, and, giving directions to Wainwright, with funds to settle our account with the house, I blew out the lamp, quietly swung open the shutter and leaned over the sill.

...o the blanket, boys. Follow, Fitz," I whispered, and climbed out. The strain on my injured arm as I swung off gave me a burning pain, but I got to the ground in safety, and the improvised rope was drawn up.

"Where now?" whispered Fitzhugh.

"To the stable."

As we slipped along to the corner a man stepped out before us.

"Don't shoot," he said; "it's me—Broderick. Tell Mother Borton I wouldn't have done it for anybody but her."

"I'm obliged to you just the same," I said. "And here's a bit of drink money. Now, where are my men?"

"Don't know. In the lockup, I reckon."

"How's that?"

"Why, you see, Meeker tells the fellows here he has a warrant for you—that you're the gang of burglars that's wanted for the Parrott murder. And he had to show the constable and the landlord and some others the warrant, too."

"How many were hurt?"

"Six or seven. Two of your fellows looked pretty bad when they were carried out."

We turned down a by-street, but as soon as the guard had disappeared we retraced our steps and hastened to the Thatcher stables.

The rain was whipped into our faces as we bent against the wind, and the whish and roar of the gale among the trees and the rattle of loose boards and tins, as they were tossed and shaken behind the houses, gave a melancholy accompaniment to our hasty march.

We nearly missed the stable in the darkness, and it was several minutes before we roused Thatcher to a state in which he could put together the two ideas that we wanted to get in, and that it was his place to get up and let us in.

"Horses to-night?" he gasped, throwing up his hands. "Holy Moses! I couldn't think of letting the worst plug of the lot out in this storm."

"Well, I want your best."

"You'll have to do it, Dick," said Fitzhugh with a few words of explanation. "He'll make it all right for you."

"Where are you going?" asked Thatcher.

"Oakland."

He threw up his hands once more.

"Great Scott! you can't do it. The horses can't travel 50 miles at night and in this weather. You'd best wait for the morning train. The express will be through here before 5."

"I hesitated a moment, but the chances of being stopped were too great.

"I must go," I said decidedly. "I can't wait here."

"I have it," said Thatcher. "By hard riding you can get to Niles in time to catch the freight as it goes up from San Jose. It will get down in time for the first boat, if that's what you want."

"Good! How far is it?"

"We call it 18 miles—it's over that by the road. There's only one nasty bit. That's in the canyon."

"I think we shall need the pleasure of your company," I said.

"It's a bad job, but if you must, you must," he groaned. And he soon had three horses under the saddle.

I eyed the beasts with some disfavor. They were evidently half-mustang, and I thought undersized for such a journey. But I was to learn before the night was out the virtues of strength and endurance that lie in the blood of the Indian horse.

"Hist! What's that?" said Fitzhugh, extinguishing the light.

The voices of the storm and the uneasy champing of the horses were the only sounds that rewarded a minute's listening.

"We must chance it," said I, after looking cautiously into the darkness and finding no signs of a foe.

And in a moment more we were galloping down the street, the hoof-beats scarcely sounding in the softened earth of the roadway. Not a word was spoken after the start as we turned through the side streets to avoid the approaches to the hotel. Thatcher suddenly turned to the west, and in another minute we were on the open highway, with the steady beat of the horses' hoofs splashing a wild rhythm on the muddy road.

With the town once behind us, I felt my spirits rise with every stroke of the horse's hoofs beneath me. The rain and the wind were friends rather than foes. Yet my arm pained me sharply, and I was forced to carry the reins in the whip hand. Here the road was broader, and we rode three abreast, silent, watchful, each busy with his own thought, and all alert for the signs of chase behind.

"There!" said Thatcher, suddenly pulling his horse up to a walk. "We're five miles out, and they've got a big piece to make up if they're on our track. We'll breathe the horses a bit."

The beasts were panting a little, but chafed at the bits as we walked them and tossed their heads uneasily to the pelting of the storm.

"Hark!" I cried. "Did you hear that?" I was almost certain that the sound of a faint halloo came from behind us. I was not alone in the thought.

"The dern fools!" said Fitzhugh. "They want a long chase, I guess, to go through the country yelling like a pack of wild Injuns."

"I reckon 'twas an owl," said Thatcher; "but we might as well be moving. We needn't take no chances while we've got a good set of heels under us. Get up, boys."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

Autograph Fiend an Easy Mark for the Unscrupulous.

W. E. Collett, secretary of the Colorado Prison association, was talking in Denver about 50 autograph letters from widows that he recently received wherein each widow offered gladly to marry one of Mr. Collett's proteges, a reformed convict in search of a wife.

"I shall keep most of those widows' autographs," said Mr. Collett. "They are very interesting. A collection of autographs of such a character would be worth having, wouldn't it? Different from the usual dull collections of mere signatures, eh?"

He smiled and went on:

"An autograph fiend who collects mere signatures is rather a fool, and he is very easily taken in. Whenever I think of him, I think of a little story about him.

"According to this story, an autograph fiend walked into an old curiosity shop and said:

"'You advertise that you have autographs of Washington and Shakespeare for sale. If your terms are reasonable, I should like to purchase specimens of each of those autographs.'

"The proprietor bowed politely. Then he went to the back of the shop and said to a man who was painting a large canvas on an easel:

"'Put away that Rembrandt for the present, Jim, and write me out an autograph of Washington and one of Shakespeare. Gentleman waiting outside.'"

GOOD THING TO LEAVE ALONE.

Physician's Advice to Those Who Are Fond of Mushrooms.

It may be possible that when all the boys are dead they will quit eating toadstools and dying in spasms therefrom. The edible and poisonous varieties of these fungi are too close together in general and species for the average youngster to differentiate them. It continues, after many years, to be the same old story: Eat it; if it kills you it is a toadstool; if it agrees with you it is a mushroom. Some years ago the department of agriculture at Washington issued an elaborate and beautiful set of illustrations of mushrooms and "near" mushrooms, labeling one set "edible" and the other "poisonous." The story leaked out that the printers got the labels mixed, and that the transposition was not discovered until the work had been sent broadcast. The officials did some tall hustling in an effort to call in the issue. A well-known physician said to me the other day: "Owing to the very great difficulty in ordinary life of detecting the true from the false, my mushroom advice has usually been 'let both kinds alone.'"—New York Press.

Parish Registers.

I was once being shown round a village church in the Eastern Counties, and was solemnly informed by the somewhat garrulous parish clerk that the registers went back to the time of William the Conqueror, says J. F. Williams in The Treasury. Lest the same startling opinion may be held by others, let me hasten to say that parish registers were unknown in England before the end of Henry VIII's reign, and happy is that parish which still possesses its records even from that date. For our earlier registers have certainly had a very checkered career, and when we read the story of the treatment which has been meted out to them during the three or four centuries of their existence, we can only wonder that they exist in such numbers as they do.

Paganini's Violin.

The famous violin of Paganini, which was preserved in a glass case, has been found to be rotting, and it is certain that the wood will not last many years longer. This discovery has caused agitation as to the means of preserving the precious instrument. It has been decided that to keep it a few years longer it shall be taken out once a year and played on for an hour by the best pupil of the conservatoire. Only once since the death of the greatest violinist who ever lived has the violin, which is a superb Stradivarius, been touched, and that was some years ago, by the Spanish violinist, Pablo del Sarasate, to whom the city during a triumphal tour through Italy wished to offer a signal honor.

Reducing Ocean Record.

The first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic took twenty-four days to make the trip, and the early boats of the Cunard line, organized in 1840, made the transatlantic trip in fourteen days, or in about the same time as the best of the clippers of the Black Ball and other lines. In 1860 the sailing ship Dreadnought made the passage in nine days and seventeen hours, and it was a long time before a steamer beat that record. It is nearly two decades since the five-day ship came upon the scene, and ever since then the record has been lowered by hours rather than by days.

OLDEST POLICE CELL IN LONDON.

Supposed to Be More Than 300 Years Old—Underground Passage.

Behind a building known as the old Courthouse, Wellclose square, Stepney, stand what are supposed to be the oldest police cells in London, and under these is the entrance to a subway believed to have once led to the tower, nearly a mile distant.

This subteranean passage is now blocked up, and at the entrance there stands a skeleton.

The building was formerly known as the high court of liberty and is supposed to be over three hundred years old. The courthouse is now the home of the German Oak club, and the fine apartment in which trials took place is used for dancing, while the adjoining rooms provide accommodation for billiards.

A winding stone staircase leads to the two cells at the rear of the courthouse. At the top of the stairs is a massive and strongly barred door with a peephole in it. This leads to the first of the apartments. The only light which penetrates these dens comes through gratings high up against the ceiling, and each is fitted with a shutter, by means of which the cells can be plunged into darkness.

Nearly half the floor space in each room is filled by a wooden bed, and attached to the walls are the rusty chains with which the prisoners were manacled. Another object to be seen is a straight-jacket made of stiff canvas, with iron rings which can be fastened to the chains.

Many names, inscriptions and pictures are carved on the wooden walls. One can still read the name of Edward Burk, who is said to have been hanged for murder. Close by is carved "Edward Ray, December, 27, 1758;" and another inscription runs "Francis Brittain, June 27, 1758. Pray remember the poor debtors."

On the floor of the first cell can be distinguished the squares of a chessboard cut in the solid oak. Over the door between the two cells can be traced the words, "The rule of the house is a gallon of beer," and just below, in neater characters, are the words, "John Burn came in April 11, 1751."

One prisoner broke into verse thus:

> The cup is empty,
> To our sorrow;
> But hope it will
> Be filled to-morrow.

Another prisoner signed himself "James Carr, smuggler, 1787." The pictorial efforts include churches, a crude representation of the tower of London, an anchor and the triple emblem of the rose, shamrock and thistle.

Running under the roadway of Wellclose square is a dungeon lined with brickwork a foot thick.—London Standard.

Those "Spy" Mirrors.

A woman from Philadelphia brought to New York with her one of those little spy window mirrors popular down there because housewives can look out from their sitting-rooms and take in the identity of callers before sending down word whether they are at home. This bred-in-the-bone Philadelphian attached the mirror to a window sill in her Brooklyn apartment and proceeded to feel at home, because of its presence. Within a week the owner of the apartment requested her to take the spy mirror down.

"The people in the next flat complain that you are trying to look into their rooms," the owner said.—New York Sun.

Valuable Work of Woman.

Mrs. Bertha Ayrton has succeeded in ascertaining the cause of the refractory behavior of the searchlight in certain respects and in devising a remedy. The British admiralty called on Prof. Ayrton to investigate the trouble some time ago. After making many investigations he turned the problem over to his wife, who is the only woman member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers and who received the only medal ever awarded to a woman by the Royal Society of London for original unaided work.

Politeness a Valuable Asset.

The more exalted a man is by station, the more powerful should he be by kindness. There is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed. Politeness is most useful to inspire confidence in the timid and encourage the deserving.—Magoon.

Telling the Truth.

The fellow who tells the truth and only the truth all the time, won't be popular but he'll get a rain-check for heaven, all right.—Manchester Union.

MARKET REPORTS.

	Cincinnati, Oct. 31.		
CATTLE—Extra	$4 75	@	5 00
CALVES—Extra		@	8 00
HOGS—Choice	5 80	@	5 90
SHEEP—Extra	3 60	@	3 65
LAMBS—Spring		@	5 50
FLOUR—Spring pat.	5 75	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 02	@	1 03
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	68½
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	47½
RYE—No. 2 choice	80	@	82
HAY—Ch. timothy	12 50	@	12 75
BUTTER—Dairy		@	17
EGGS—Per doz.		@	25
APPLES—Choive	2 50	@	3 50
POTATOES—Per bu.	70	@	78
TOBACCO—Burley	8 50	@	18 00
CHICAGO.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red	98½	@	1 00
CORN—No. 2 mixed	75½	@	76
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	48
PORK—Prime mess	13 87½	@	14 00
LARD—Prime	9 60	@	9 62½
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—Win. patent	4 25	@	4 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 08¼	@	1 09
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	77¾
OATS—No. 2 mixed	50	@	52
PORK—Prime mess	19 50	@	22 00
LARD—Steam	9 85	@	9 95
BALTIMORE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	1 04¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	67¾
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	53
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	1 02
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	84½
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	54½
HAY—Ch. timothy	12 00	@	12 50
HOGS—Extra	5 00	@	6 00
LARD—Steam		@	8 00
INDIANAPOLIS.			
CATTLE—Prime	5 75	@	7 00
HOGS—Extra	5 00	@	6 40
SHEEP—Extra	4 00	@	4 25

ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Squanders $4,000,000 in Five Years

WASHINGTON.—Countess Julia W. L. Seckendorf, the dashing beauty who rose from lady's maid to mistress of millions of dollars, through which she ran in five years, declares that she had no regrets because her fortune has been squandered.

The countess is now said to be at least $100,000 in debt, and was forced to undergo the humiliation of seeing the last of her property sold at a debt sale.

"I spent it when I had it," the beautiful countess is reported to have remarked to a friend.

"I haven't any regrets now that it is gone. Some people have money, but they won't spend it. Frankly, I cannot see what good it does them."

The career of the countess, who is an American girl, is as romantically interesting as that of any woman in the world.

Once the lavish entertainer of cabinet members, ambassadors, senators and social lights in Washington, the Countess Seckendorf, who five years ago fell heir to the $4,000,000 estate of her second spouse, gained a reputation as a spender, tearfully watched her last possessions passing into the hands of others to the accompaniment of the droning voices of auctioneers.

It is said that the countess owes about $100,000, although the figure has not been authoritatively announced.

Some years ago Miss Julia Davidson, the present countess, entered the employ of Mrs. John O. Donner as maid. The Donners had a daughter named Elsie, and Miss Davidson cared for the child.

About six years ago Mrs. Donner died and Donner married Miss Davidson. Immediately the house became the center of social life among the wealthy people of the district. Servants seemed everywhere, and the new Mrs. Donner began to enjoy life to the utmost.

Her millionaire husband was devoted to her and his affection was returned. Elsie, Donner's daughter, still lived on the estate.

After Donner's death five years ago Mrs. Donner came into the great fortune. She went to Washington and mingled with the fashionable set there, meeting the count, who captured her heart. She soon squandered her money.

Leper to Have Home with His Family

THE strict isolation in which John R. Early has been kept by the district health officers is to be broken. Within a short time Early is to be permitted to live with his family.

That is, he will be allowed to dwell in the same house, but will not come in direct contact with them. He will have his own sleeping apartment, bed linen, towels, dishes and other domestic appliances.

This has been practically decided upon by the health officials. The plan will not be carried into effect until the commissioners have received the report from the solicitor of the treasury as to whether or not the federal authorities have power to transport the leper to North Carolina, the latter's home state, regardless of the fact that that commonwealth has refused to accept him.

Although the decision has not been forwarded to the commissioners, it is known that the solicitor's opinion is adverse. He has said that the federal department is powerless to act, and has reported to the secretary of the treasury to that effect.

The commissioners will take no action until they have received the opinion in official form from the latter. That Early is to be a permanent care of the district is the conviction of the officials.

Plans for Early's future care and treatment have been discussed by Health Officer Woodward and Dr. William Fowler, chief of the contagious disease service. It is settled between them that the strict isolation of the afflicted man is to be broken.

It is considered likely that some old building belonging to the district will be turned over to the leper and his family for habitation and he will be instructed to provide for himself and keep his own quarantine.

In the event that this building cannot be procured it may be that Early will be permitted to live in the house near the asylum grounds now occupied by his wife and child. On the other hand, it may be suggested to him that he buy a small place in the suburbs.

Physicians in charge of Early are considering a plan to inoculate him with the leprosy bacilli, which constitutes the recently discovered Nastin cure of the malady. This method is said to have cured the disease in several instances, when used while the disease was in its early stage, as in the case of Early.

Early clings to the faint belief that his disease is not leprosy, and that the physicians have made a mistake in diagnosing his case. He does not favor this new treatment.

Welsh Singers Refuse President's Wine

"GET thee behind me, Satan," is what 25 husky Welshmen thought when offered some of President Roosevelt's sherry at the conclusion of a White House concert the other evening. What each really said was:

"No, thank you; none for me."

The Welshmen gave a private concert for the edification of the White House family. The event slid along like a hunk of tallow on a hot stovepipe. The president nearly blistered his hands applauding the "Men of Harlech." Mrs. Roosevelt's face was suffused with pleasurable enjoyment at the rendition of "Old Black Joe."

The bad guess and its consequences came as the last words of the final chorus drifted out of an open window. An attendant came into the room niftily juggling an enormous tray containing 25 glasses of sherry. He fended a glass to the first man at the end of the line with black clothes and a white choker. He declined with thanks.

The next three men also refused. The other 21 had their mouths open ready to make similar announcement.

The waiter likewise opened his mouth, but in astonishment. He realized that an awful blunder had been made somewhere. In a dazed manner he waved the tray until it was again waving around his head and hastily plunged from the room. Every member of the Mountain Ash choir is a total abstainer.

Civil War Veteran Returns Pension

VESPASIAN WARNER, commissioner of pensions, told President Roosevelt the other day of a remarkable case of stricken conscience. Some time ago the commissioner received a letter from a pensioner of the civil war surrendering his certificate and enclosing two $500 coupon bonds of the United States and a draft for $172, thereby making full restitution to the government of all money he had received on account of the certificate of pensions.

Commissioner Warner refused to give the name of the soldier and declared he had not disclosed it to the treasurer of the United States, to whom was turned over the conscience money.

When the conscience contribution first arrived the commissioner caused an examination to be made of the records in the case. On the showing the veteran was entitled to his pension beyond a question. A special examiner was sent out to make an investigation on the theory that the soldier might be mentally irresponsible.

The conscience-stricken man was found to be in excellent health and of sound mind. Thereupon the account with conscience was declared closed and the bonds and money were turned into the miscellaneous receipts of the treasury department.

JUST A CHEAP ONE.

Campaign Spellbinder Could Have Done Much Better for $25.

He had made a fair speech in favor of his political candidate for governor and against the other, and when he had finished a friend stepped forward and shook hands with him and said:

"I want to compliment you on your effort. It was great."

"Then you liked my remarks, eh?"

"They were bang-up. I didn't know it was in you to orate the way you did."

"O, I did fairly well, I guess. But you must remember at the same time that this was only a cheap speech. The regular orator failed them, and they rung me in for $15. Of course, I could not spread myself for that. Say, I wish I had been making a regular $25 speech. If I had been I should have called the opposition candidate a liar."

"I should have shown his utter unfitness for offise.

"I should have proved that his election would ruin the country.

"I should have advanced statistics to chill the blood.

"I should have appealed to my hearers not to bring about a state of anarchy and bankruptcy.

"I should have summoned every patriot in the audience to go to the polls early and die for American liberty.

"I should have trotted out Bunker Hill, the American eagle and the star-spangled banner and waved them around until men would have busted a lung in cheering for them.

"As I said, this was only a cheap effort—a few remarks for $15, but if they have pleased you and strengthened your belief in our cause, why—why—"

And they drank together and figured out that the country was saved again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Her Summer Studio in England.

One of the American women who have a studio abroad besides one in New York is Miss Alethea Hill Platt. It is in Chagford, Devonshire, England that Miss Platt has the studio during the season of the year when artists like to work out of doors. Chagford is a small village on the edge of Dartmoor.

Miss Platt is interested in painting the old thatched farmhouses with roses over the doorways and Dartmoor in the distance. This season, according to word received here by friends of Miss Platt, she also contemplated a visit to Germany to paint some interiors. For that purpose she will visit Gutachbei-Hornberg in the Black forest.

An Oil-Making Nut.

A new oil-making nut has been discovered in the Philippine islands, which promises to have an important effect upon the trade in linseed oil.

A sample of these nuts, called "lumbang" in Manila and "kimire" in Java, has been subjected to tests in Marseilles, where the nuts have been found to produce an oil closely resembling linseed oil.

It appears to have a positive commercial value.